



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## THE AGES OF MAN.

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR<sup>1</sup>.

LET but the son of earth  
 Remember from his birth  
*That in the end*  
*He shall return:*  
*As at his birth he was*  
*So shall he be.*

“Arise and prosper” say ye unto him  
 Of five years, whose desires rise up apace  
 Like the awakening sun on regions dim.  
 He hath his mother’s breast for resting-place,  
 And moveth not—  
 His father’s shoulders for his chariot.

*(For in the end*  
*He shall return:*  
*As at his birth he was*  
*So shall he be.)*

How urge ye him of ten years with intent  
 Toward instruction? Yet a little space  
 And he will grow and find his chastisement.  
 Speak unto him with tender tone of grace:  
 Joy shall he rouse  
 For them that bare him, for his father’s house.

<sup>1</sup> There are several Hebrew variants of this poem, which, without convincing reason, has been ascribed to Abraham Ibn Ezra. The present English translation has, however, been made from a somewhat different text contained in a MS. brought by Mr. Elkan N. Adler from the Cairo Genizah.

*(For in the end  
He shall return:  
As at his birth he was  
So shall he be.)*

How sweet the days to him of twenty years!  
Swift as a hart he leapeth to and fro  
Over the hills; and scorns reproof, nor hears  
The voice of teachers. But a graceful doe,  
Goodly and fair,  
This is the portion for him and his snare.

*(For in the end  
He shall return:  
As at his birth he was  
So shall he be.)*

At thirty years into a woman's hands  
He falleth; rise and look on him and see;  
Behold him now caught fast within the strands.  
The arrows pierce him round; the want shall be  
Now of his life  
Only the wants of children and of wife.

*(For in the end  
He shall return:  
As at his birth he was  
So shall he be.)*

He wanders forth subdued who shall attain  
To forty years; he runs his way:—behind  
The light companions of his youth remain.  
And evil be it or sweet, yet shall he find  
Joy in his lot,  
Firm by his work, his charge forsaking not.

*(For in the end  
He shall return:  
As at his birth he was  
So shall he be.)*

The days of vanity—days nothing worth—  
 Remembers he of fifty years, and mourns  
 Because the days of mourning come; and earth  
 And all the glory of the world he scorns,  
     Bearing the fear  
 Lest his own time indeed be drawing near.

*(For in the end  
 He shall return:  
 As at his birth he was  
 So shall he be.)*

Ask: what befalls when sixty years are his?  
 Then have his muscles grown like root and bar,  
 Set to his work—sufficing but for this,  
 And rooted that they bend now but so far;  
     And never they  
 Shall move again to rouse him for the fray.

*(For in the end  
 He shall return:  
 As at his birth he was  
 So shall he be.)*

If unto seventy years his life-way wends,  
 His words are heard no longer; 'tis his fate  
 To go unheeded. Now upon his friends  
 Only a burden, he becomes a weight  
     On his own soul,  
 And on the staff that bears him to his goal.

*(For in the end  
 He shall return:  
 As at his birth he was  
 So shall he be.)*

At eighty years, then is he but a care  
 Upon his sons; his heart is no more his,

Nor his thoughts with him ; only he is there,  
Scorned of his neighbours. Yea, his portion is  
Gall to the brim,  
And wormwood is the morsel now for him.

*(For in the end  
He shall return :  
As at his birth he was  
So shall he be.)*

And after—he is even as one dead.—  
Happy the man who deemeth his own part  
That of a stranger who is quickly fled ;  
Who hath no contemplation in his heart  
Nor thought nor sense  
But his soul's after-life and recompense.

*(For in the end  
He shall return :  
As at his birth he was  
So shall he be.)*

NINA DAVIS.